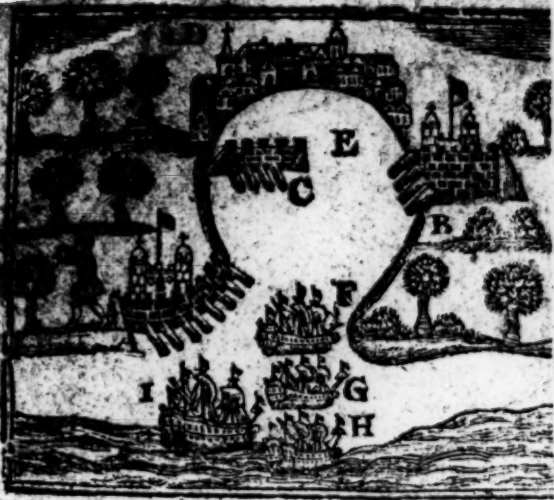




*The true Patriot.
A New Song,*

By Mother Midnight

Tune, awast Brother Tar.

YE Joll bold Tars that are watching the
Be sure that you keep all their Motions
Alread my Bo, s ye have gave them a drench,
And taken two ships of their Fleet in a fight,
Be valiant and stout, Boys never give out,
They always wae Cowards so Chase them abo
Wherever we meet them pour in a Roadside,
Demolish their shipping and lower their pride,

With blows that are weighty their perfidy Pay
Like Heores of old Boys courageously fight,
Burn plun er and sink, all that comes in your
Do yourselfs, your King and you C untry r
If Quarters they cry, be this your re-ly,
We'll give you no Quar ers, so fight or you Die
We are come for to Batle yov over aga n,
To shew you once more that we're Lords of the

and Bembo can fire your souls,
If Vernon and Warren the Toasts of your Bow
If Russel and Blake have a part in your Breast,
With Anson, Boscawen, brave Hawk and the r
You'll fight like bold Tars, Regardless of scars
As your Ancestors d'd in Elizabeths wars,
The lost fame of Brittons again you'll restore,
And Matthews and Lestock be thought of no me

If your Soup and your Sallard, you once should r
If with good London Porter your selves you'd r
If like Englishmen stout, on good Roast Beef
Dine,

Believe me your Courage so oft wou'd not fail,
When your fav'rite ragou that would make us all
You relinguish I say, when these wonders ye do,
You'll Mann out your Ships with a Navy, com
And sail without trembling to meet George's Fle

But Heaven forbid, I should e'er see the Day,
For Popery then will in Brittain bear sway,
Their d—n wooden Shoes which wou'd cripple ones
Must be wore—and their Misses be said I f propose
Old Nick and the Pope, would then have theis cop
And Thousands wo'd fall by a Hatchet or Rope;
The Kennels with Blood, wou'd be fill'd in each S
And Protestant heaps; trampled under their Feet.

The Rounds of Old Smithfield with Faggot and F
Wou'd be pil'd to make Martyrs in torments expire;
Your Pans and Gridirons, to fry and to broil,
with your large Coppers bubbing with hot sea'ding
And your keen edged Knives, for to rip up

To depopulate, and Infants unborn of their I
To be broil'd again into life I'm afraid,
Millions of young, be rank'd with the L